SOME NEW BOOKS. Augustus Hare's Recoll

A remarkable contribution to anecdotica literature is presented in the third and fourth volumes of The Story of My Life by AUGUSTUS J. C. HARR (Dodd, Mead & Co.). When the first two volumes of this work were published some five years ago it was generally recognized that the author knew more about what is called "society" in England and on the Continent of Europe than perhaps any other man of his time. Not only has his experience been singularly diversified, but he turned it to account for reminiscent purposes, having early formed the habit of keeping a journal in which were set down all the interesting things that he might happen see or hear. In the digested outcome of his notes we have an astonishing quantity of anecdotes about persons of distinction n the social, literary and political world. The narrative may also be described as a captivating record of travel, containing as it does the quintessence of the numerous guide books which the author has compiled. The sustained attractiveness of the two volumes now issued may be measured by the fact that, of their 1,200 pages, there is scarcely one that is not well worth reading. There is them, all belief is for them. not a trace of padding in the book, and it is evident that the vast mass of materials at the thor's disposal has been subjected to a winnowing process which is too often neglected in compilations of the kind. These volumes must be bought, for it is impossible to give by extracts an idea of the enjoyment to be derived from them. We shall confine ourselves to a single feature of the work, o-wit: Its ghost stories and dream stories, of which there are scores and scores, all supported by evidence which, in the writer's opinion, at least, was trustworthy, though we think it would seldom be accepted by scientific investigators.

In 1872 Lady Marion Alford told our author of a strange experience she had had at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. As she was going to her room Lady Jersey said. "O. I see you are put into the ghost-room. Lady Marion replied: "I am quite happy: there are no real ghosts here, I think " "Well, said Lady Jersey, "I can only s y Miss Drummond slept there last night and she received letters of importance this morning and left before breakfast." Now we will let Lady Marion tell the story: "I went into my room and lit the candles and made up the fire But very soon I gave a great jump, for I heard the most dreadful noise close at my elbow-'Oh-o-oo-oo!' I thought of course that it was a practical joke and began to examine every corner of the room, thinking some one must be hidden there; then I rang my bell. When my maid came in I said 'Now don't be frightened, but there is some one hidden in this room somewhere, and you must help me to find him ' Very soon the noise came again. Then Lady Caroline came and she heard it: then her maid came. The noise occurred about every five minutes. We examined everything and stood in each corner of the room. The noise then seemed close to each of us. At last Lady Caroline said: 'I can stand this no longer, and I must go,' and she and her maid went away and shut themselves into the next room. Then I said to my maid: 'If you are frightened you had better go," but she protested that she would rather stay where she was: after what she had heard anything would be better than facing the long lonely passages alone However, just at that moment 'Oh-owent off again close to her ear, and with one spring she darted out of the room and ran off as hard as ever she could. I went courageously to bed and determined to brave it out. But the thing went to bed too, and went off at intervals on the pillow close to my face. And at last it grated on my nerves to such a degree that I could bear it no longer, and I dragged a mattress into Lady Caroline's room and slept there till dawn. The next morning I also received letters of importance and left before breakfast " Before Lady Marion left she sent for the housekeeper and said: "You really should not put

had happened. She was much distressed,

and explained that there really was no other

rcom in the house then, but confessed that

the same noise had often been heard before

see the castle, and the housekeeper then told her that the same thing had happened again in that room, which since had been permanently shut up. When our author was staying at Highclere in November, 1873, Mr. Herman Merivale related the following story: "A captain was crossing to America in his ship. with very few sailors on board. One day one of them came up to him on the deck. and said that there was a strange man in his cabin-that he could not see the man's face but that he was sitting with his back to the door at the table writing. The captain said It was impossible there could be any one in

Sir Philip Egerton had lately had a living in Devonshire given to him and went to take possession of it. He had not been long in his rectory before, coming one day into his study, he found an old lady seated there in an armchair by the fire. Knowing no old lady could really be there, and thinking the apparition must be the result of indigestion, he summoned all his courage and boidly sat down upon the old lady, who disappeared The next day he met the old lady in a passage, rushed up against her, and she vanished. But he met her a third time, and then, feeling that it could not always be indigestion, he wrote to his sister in Cheshtre, begging her to call upon the Misses Athelstan, sisters of the clergyman who had held his living before, and say what he had seen. When they heard it, the Misses Atheistan looked inexpressibly distressed, and said, was our mother; we hoped it was only to us would appear. When we were there she appeared constantly, but when we had left, we hoped she would be at rest." Touching these stories, Mr. Hare recalls that Dr. Johnson used to say: "The beginning and end of ghost stories is this: all argument is against

II. It was in April, 1874, when our author was

in Rome, that her met Mile. von Rassloff. She narrated to him some facts which had been told to her by the well-known Dr. Pereira. It seems that an acquaintance of his, a lady, was travelling with some friends in an out-of-the-way part of Poland, Suddenly, late at night, their carriage broke down and they were obliged to get out, and as they knew of no shelter near they were in great difficulties. At this juncture a gentleman appeared, who said to the lady that if she would take the trouble to walk a few steps further she would come to the gate of his house; that he was unable to accompany her, but that if she would mention his name she would be received and would find all that she required. She thanked him and followed his directions. The servant to whom she spoke at the house seemed very much surprised, but, seeing her plight, brought her in, left her in a library and went to get some refreshments. When she was alone a door in the panelling opened and the unknown master of the house came in and sat down by her. As he said nothing, she felt rather awk ward, and more so when the servant. coming in with a tray, seemed to brush up close to him in a very odd way as he set down. When the servant left the room the unknown said: "Nevous étonnes pas, mademoiselle, c'est que je suis mort," and he proceeded to say that he was most thankful that she had come, and that he wished her to make him a solemn promise; that the people who were now in possession of the property were not the rightful heirs, but that he had left a will deposited with a certain lawyer in a certain place, the name of which he made her write down. She listened as in a trance, but did as she was bid. The servant coming in about this time walked straight through the unknown. Presently the carriage, being mended, was announced to be at the door, ipon which the unknown walked with her to the carriage, bowed and disappeared. When the lady got to Warsaw she was very ill and sent for Dr. Pereira. She told him all that she had seen, and also gave him the paper with the directions she had written Dr. Pereira, finding that the lawyer and place mentioned really existed, inquired into the matter, and the result was that the will was found, the wrongful possessors were ejected and the rightful owners were set up in their place.

It was the same Mile, von Rassloff who,

one evening at the Palazzo Odescalcht, re

lated an incident for the truth of which she was able to youch. There was she said. young lady in Denmark whose family had lived very much before the Danish world, and with whom almost every one in Copenhagen society was acquainted. Consequently it was a subject of almost universal interest when it became known that the young lady with the approval of her parents had become engaged to a young Danish officer of good family and position. In Danish society betrothal is considered to be almost the same thing as a marriage, and, if either of the affianced persons die, the family of the other side put on mourning as if the marriage had Some time afterward Lady Marion went again actually taken place. Now it happened that, to Belvoir with some friends who wanted to while this young lady was engaged, the betrothed husband was summoned to join his regiment in a war which was going on; and very soon to the house of his betrothed came the news that he was killed in battle. The young lady's family forthwith put on all the outward signs of deepest grief. There was only one member of it who would not wear mourning, and that was the afflanced bride She would not believe that her betrothed could pass entirely out of life without her knowing it She could believe that her lover was sick, in prison or in trouble, but not that he was dead. Her parents urged her ceaselessly to put on mourning, and the perpetual struggle with her family, added

tale from Mrs. Leycester, who had just come | warning of an impending death which had from Cheshire. She said that a brother of been received in a family of his acquaint-

"When Col. Macpherson of Glen Truim was dying his wife had gone to rest in a room looking out over the park and sat near the window. Suddenly she saw lights as of a carriage coming in at the distant lodge gate and, calling to one of the servants, said: remained near her at a window and as the was a hearse drawn by four horses and covered with figures. As it stopped at the porch door the figures looked up at her and their eyes glared with light; then they scrambled down and seemed to disappear into the house. Soon they reappeared and seemed to lift some heavy weight into the hearse, which then drove off at full speed, causing all the stones and gravel to fly up at the windows. Mrs. Macpherson and the butler had not rallied from their horror and astonishment when the nurse watching in the next room came in to tell her that the Colonel was dead," supernatural visitant figures also in

dead.

A supernatural visitant figures also in a story which Mr. Hare heard at Ford Castle, the seat of the Marchioness of Waterford in Northumberland. The Earl of Somers had recently been staying at Higheliffe, another seat of Lady Waterford's, and while there had gone off to Lymington to see Lord Warwick, who had been ill. When he returned he said that when he got to Lymington he found Lord Warwick ill in bed, and the sick man said. I am so glad to see you, for I want to tell you such an odd thing that has happened to me. Last night I was in bed and the room was quite dark (this old-fashioned room of the inn at Lymington which you now see). Suddenly at the foot of the bed there appeared a great light, and in the midst of the light the figure of Death just as it is seen in the Dance of Peath and other old pictures—a ghastly skeleton with a scythe and a dart, and Death balanced the dart, and it flew past me just above my shoulder, close to my head, and it seemed to go into the wall, and then the light went out and the figure vanished. I was as wide awake then as I am now, for I pinched myself hard to see, and I lay awake was as wide awake then as I am now. for 'l pinched myself hard to see, and I lay awake for a long time, but at last I fell asleep When my servant came to call me in the when my servant came to call me in the morning he had a very scared expression of face and he said: 'A dreadful thing has happened in the night, and the whole household of the inn is in the greatest confusion and grief, for the landlady's daughter who slept in the next room, and the head of whose bed is against the wall against which your bed now rests has been found dead in her bed. '" In a foctnote our author records that he afterward heard the same story, almos in the same words, from Lord Warwick him self.

III.

It seems that the Bayarian royal family have a Black Lady who appears to them before a death, just as the White Lady appears to the Prussian royal family. One of the former's appearances was recounted field, whose husband had been Ambassa dor at Berlin and Vienna. "I was very ntimate at Vienna," she said, "with the Princess Reuss, whose first husband was Prince of Anhalt. She was a niece of Queen aunt was at Aschaffenberg with the intention going to Munich. In the evening the ady-in-waiting came in and asked the Queen she was intending to give an audience The Queen said, 'Certainly not,' and that she could not see any one.' The lady then said that there was a lady then sitting in the ante-chamber who would not go away. Queer Toresa then desired her brother to go out and find out who it was. He came back auch agitated, and said it was sehr unheim ch [very uncanny], for it was the Black Lady, and that, when he came up to her, she disappeared. The next day the Queen left Aschaffenberg, but, being a very kind-hearted | Derbyshire not long before A regiment woman, she sent back her secretary to fetch some petitions which had been presented out which she had not attended to, and when he secretary came into her room he found the Black Lady standing by the table where

Count Fersen would prove his sense of the importance of such an action by consenting to return to Radioofani himself." Not only was Count Fersen willing to return, but the Count Karl Lowenjelm went with him. The landlord and landlady were excessively agitated when they saw their late guest return with the soldiers who came from Rome. turn with the soldiers who came from Rome. The bed was moved, and it was discovered 'Do go down; some one is coming who does | that the flags beneath had been recently not know of all this grief.' But the servant upturned. The flags were taken up, and there-not sufficiently corrupted to carriage came near the house they saw it recognizable was the body of the mason. dressed in the white cap and jacket and trousers as he had appeared to Count Ferse Then the landlord and landlady felt that Providence was against them and they confessed everything. They were taken to Rome, where they were tried and condemned to death, and they were beheaded. The Count Karl Lowenjalm was present at the execution of that man and woman, and he was the person who told the Marquis de Lavalette, who told Lord Ravensworth, who told the author of these volumes. In 1879 Mr. Hare repeated the story to the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, who took the trouble to verify facts and dates as to the Löwenjelms, &c., and found everything

coincide. In December, 1874, the compiler these recollections was staying at Ripley Castle. One day at dinner he sat by Countess Bathyany, who talked much of Lady William Russell and told him the story of Lord Moira's appearance, which she had heard from Lady William's lips. "Lady William was at Brighton, where her friend, Lady Betty was also staying. One day when Lady Betty went to her she found her excessively upset and discomposed, and she said that it was on account of a dream that she had had of her uncle, who, as Lord Moira, had brought her up, and who was then Governor of Malta. She said that she had seen a very long hall and at the end of the hall a couch with a number of female figures in different attitudes of grief and despair bending over it, as if they were holding up or attending to some sick person. On the couch she saw no one sick person. On the couch she saw no one but immediately afterward she seemed to meet her Uncle Moira and embraced him, but said with a start. 'Uncle, how terribly cold you are!' He replied: 'Bessie, did you not know that I am dead?' She recollected herself instantly and said: 'Oh, Uncle, how does it look on the other side?' 'Quite different from what we have imagined, and far, far more beautiful,' he replied with a radiant smile, and she awoke. Her dream occurred just when Lord Hastings [formerly Lord Moira] died on a couch in a hall at Malta; but she told the circumstance to LadyBetty long before the news came." ong before the news came

IV. Another story which Countess Bathyany, related from personal knowledge was that of Sir Samuel Romilly It seems that Lord Grev and his son-in-law, Sir Charles Wood, were walking on the ramparts of Carlisle Teresa of Bavaria. She told me that her | The rampart is there still, or was in 1874. It was very parrow, and there was only one exit, so that, if you walked there, you had walking, a man passed them, returned, passed them again, and then disappeared n front of them over the parapet, where was a red searf round his throat "How very extraordinary. And how exactly like Sir Samuel Romilly!" they both exclaimed

At that moment Sir Samuel Romilly had.

It was at Ripley Castle that Miss Ingilby

cut his throat in a distant part of England.

related an incident which had occurred in she said, had been lately passing through Derbyshire on its way to fresh quarters it for the night in one of the country towns. was invited to dine at a country-house in the papers were, but she vanished on his the neighborhood, and to bring any one he pproach. That night, when the old Cas- liked with him Consequently, he took with llan of Aschaffenberg and his wife were in him a young ensign for whom he had a she sawa wooded lane above a river and some bed, the great bell of the castle began to toll, great fancy. They arrived, and it was a and they remembered that it could toll by no large party, but the lady of the house did human agency as they had the key of the not appear till just as they were going in cell-tower. At that moment Queen Teresa to dinner, and, when she apppeared, was so died at Munich. She arrived at 3: at strangely distraite and preoccupied that not neglect his duty to his master for such an 5 she was seized with cholera: at 11, she she scarcely attended to anything that was idle fancy as that, and that he must go to the It was Lord Ravensworth who made our author write down a curious story, originally related by Count Fersen, the devoted adherent of Marie Antoinette, who, when the royal family escaped to Varennes, drove the carriage and unaccountable It made him, to Italy, and one afternoon in November he drove up to what was then, and long afterward, the most desolate, weird, ghastly inn in Italy—the storm-beaten, lava-scated inn of Radicofani As he was unable to secure post-horses, Count Fersen was obliged to stay all high. When he went to be head of the bed and put two loaded pistols upon it; moreover, according to the custom of the time, he made the ceutern of the time, he made the ceutern of the time, he made the custom of the time, in a manner quite inexplicable, to the definition of the colonel asked the ensure thing and the time time the time time that he would make definition to the custom of the time, and and the really began to the finity, and indicated to the time, and that custom of the colonel asked time and time, the said the the custom of said to her. At dinner the Colonel observed as dead.

It was Lord Ravensworth who made our authat his young companion scarcely ever the same thing and she urgently that his young companion scarcely ever the same thing and she urgently that his young companion scarcely ever the same thing and she urgently

Set the control of th

known in those parts." The author says that he afterward heard this story confirmed in every particular by Lord Waterford's

When staying at Ravensworth Castle in Noember, 1876, our author heard from old Gen. Stanhope the following story: "Lady Andover, who was the daughter of Lord Leicester. was with her husband at Holkham, and when one day all the other men were going out shooting she piteously implored him not to go, saying that she had dreamt vividly that he would be shot if he went out. She was | ter to Barnstable is a small station called so terribly eager about it that he acceded to her wishes and remained with her in the painting room, for she painted beautifully saying that he had had a very vivid dream in oils, and was copying a picture of the which troubled him-that a very valuable 'Misers' which was at Holkham. But the afternoon was excessively beautiful, and not get out again. The wife laughed, and Lady Andover's strong impression, which he went to sleep and dreamt the same thing. had been so vivid in the morning, then seemed | Then he wanted to go and look after the cow. to wear off, till at last she said, 'Well, really, perhaps I have been selfish in keeping you winter night, and he went to sleep instead, from what you like so much because of my and dreamt the same thing a third time. own impressions; so now, if you care about | Then he insisted upon getting up, and, regoing out, don't let me keep you in any sisting his wife's entreaties, he went out to longer.' And he said, 'Well, if you don't look after the cow. It was with a sense of mind. I should certainly like to go, and he bathos that he found the cow quite well and went. He had not been gone long before grazing quietly, and he was thinking how Lady Andover's impression returned just as vividly as ever, and she rushed upstairs and home, and wondering what he should say put on her bonnet and pursued him. But, to her, when he became aware of alight in the as she crossed the park, she met her husband's next field. Crawling very quietly to the own servant riding furiously without his hedge, he saw, through the leafless branches coat. 'Don't tell me,' she said at once. 'I of the hawthorns, a man with a lanthorn know what has happened, and she went back and a spade, apparently digging a pit. As and locked herself into her room. His ser- he was watching, he stumbled in the ditch vant was handing him a gun through the and the branches crackled. The man, hearhedge, it went off and he was killed on the ing a noise, started, threw down the spade The same Lady Andover had a dream of a

minor kind which came curiously true. She the next field and came up to the place where said to her sister that she had dreamt most vividly that she was standing with her under the portico at Holkham; that they were both dressed in deep mourning-deep black combazine, and that they were watching a great funeral leave the house, but that it was not going in the natural direction of the churchyard, but the other way, up the fields he went round by the lane. He had avenue. A month after the two sisters were tanding under the portico dressed in deep mourning for old Queen Charlotte, and the funeral of Lady Albemarle, who had died in the house was going away, up the avenue Lady Andover said to her sister, "Don't you remember?" At the same country house Mr Hare heard

from a Miss Williamson the following story: "I remember quite well how a very charming young surgeon came into this neighborhood, a Mr Stirling: he was beloved by everybody and, though he was as poor as a church mouse to return as you came. While the two were he had not an enemy in the world. After his medical rounds he was in the habit of riding iome through a lovely wooded lane which there Is near Gib ide, with trees on each side and the river below. One day one Friday as he was riding home this way he was shot by some men concealed among the bushes His body was dragged into the wood and searched and rifled; but he was very poor, dear man, he had nothing but his watch and the brutes ook that, and that is all I have to say about him. On the night before, the wife of Mr Bowes's agent, who was in the habit of going every week to receive money at the lead mines. me miles distant from Gibside, awoke dreadfully agitated. She told her husband that she had had a most terrible dream and conured him, as he loved her, to stay at home said she did not know the place herself, but men hiding in bushes and she saw him come iding along and the men shoot at him rom behind and drag him into the bushes. Helaughed at her and said, of course he could

these foolish imaginations,' and she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white night-dress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the ground and rushed off down the staircase, and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon; and he rode away without having murdered her at all, and he was never, never, never heard of again."

At luncheon, at Lady Florentia Hughes's our author met George Russell, who told him a story which Lord and Lady Portsmouth had just brought back from Devonshire. "On the railway which runs from Exe-Lapford. A farmer who lives in a farmhouse near that station awoke his wife one night, cow of his had fallen into a pit and could But the wife urged the piercing cold of the his wife would laugh at him when he got and ran off with the lanthorn. The farmer then made his way round into

the man had been digging. It was a long narrow pit like an open grave. At first he could make nothing of it, then by the side of the pit he found a large open knife. He took that and the spade and began to set out homeward, but with an indescribable shrinking from the more desolate feeling of the not gone far before he heard footsteps coming toward him. It was 2 o'clock in the morning and, his nerves being quite unstrung, he shrank before meeting whoever it was and climbed up into the hedge to conceal himself. To his astonishment, he saw pass below him in the moonlit road one of the maids of his own farmhouse. He allowed her to pass and then sprang out and seized her. She was most dreadfully frightened He demanded to know what she was there for. She tried to make some excuse. Oh. he said, 'there can be no possible excuse; I insist upon knowing the truth.' She then said, 'You know I was engaged to be married and that I had a dreadful quarrel with the man I was engaged to and it was broken off. Well, yesterday he let me know that, if I would meet him in the middle of the night he had got something to show me which would make up for all the past ' 'Would ou like to know what he had to show you? It was your grave he had to show you, said

the pit and showed it to her. The farmer's dream had saved the woman's life Here is a story of a supernatural vision ecounted by the person who witnessed it Mrs F Walker told our author how she went out one evening at Freshwater to meet her brother-in-law and niece as they were returning from an excursion along the cliffs. On her way she saw a lady in deep mourning with a little boy emerge apparently from a side path to the one on which Mrs Walker was and walk on before her. She noticed the lady's peculiarly light step. Mother and son stopped at a little railed-in enclosure coming to meet her. Between her and them she saw the lady and boy suddenly disappear-apparently go down some sidepath our author heard from Miss Farrer, at first eading to the sand; but, when she came to | hand, the following story: Her brother knew the place, there was no path-the cliff was | well, she said, a shopkeeper in Plymouth, perfectly precipitous. Mrs. Walker's niece, who felt one day, he could not tell why, that toward her and was greatly agitated by their | necessary that he should cross a ferry. It sudden disappearance Afterward they was late at night, and he expected to have found that the same sight was constantly great difficulty in getting across, but to his seen there. It was the little boy's grave nto which the two revenants had gazed. The ferryman said: "I am ready because you He had fallen over the ciff just there and been killed and was buried by his mother's Reeper reached Bodmin the town was full of He had fallen over the ciff just there and

wish inside the little circular railing or owds and confusion. The assizes were Here is the story of a vision by which a going on. He made his way to the court young lady was saved from being killed in a A man was being tried for murder, and railway accident The incident was related likely to be condemned. The accused proby Sir Thomas Watson, a well-known phy- | tested his innocence in vain, and, in agony, sician One day Sir Thomas had been sum- | was just saying: "I was in Plymouth at the noned to attend an urgent case at Oxen- time, if I could only prove it."

stations further on came the shock of a frightful accident. There was a collision. The train was telescoped and many passengers were terribly hurt. The heavy case of instruments which was in the rack above the place where Dr. Watson had first been sitting was thrown violently to the other side of the carriage, hit the young lady upon the forehead and killed her on the spot. Many hours late, in the middle of the night, Dr. Watson arrived at Oxenholme. There, waiting upon the platform, stood the young man with the light beard in the brown ulster exactly as he had been described. He had heard that the only young lady in the one through carriage from London had been killed, and was only waiting for the worst to be confirmed. Dr. Watson went up to him and said: "Unhappily, it is too true that a young lady has been killed, but it is not your young lady. Your young lady is safe in the station hotel at Crewe."

There is, it seems, a ghost at Ham House, a vast, but until recently, dilapidated building wayed by Lord Dysart, but occupied.

lady. Your young lady is safe in the station hotel at Crewe."

There is, it seems, a ghost at Ham House, a vast, but until recently, dilapidated building owned by Lord Dysart, but occupied, when Mr. Hare saw it, by the Tollemaches. The old butler at Ham House had a little girl and the Ladies Tollemache asked her to come on a visit. She was then 6 years old. In the small hours of the morning, when dawn was making things clear, the child waking up saw a little old woman scratching with her fingers against the wall close to the fireplace. The child was not at all frightened at first, but sat up to look at her. The noise she made in doing this caused the foot of the bed, and grasping the rail with her hands stared at the child long and fixedly. So horrible was her stare that the child was terrified, and screamed and hid her face under the bedclothes. People who were in the passage ran into the room and the child told what she had seen. The wall was examined where she had seen the figure scratching, and concealed in it were found papers which proved that in that room Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, had murdered her husband to marry the Duke of Lauderdale.

VII.

While at Monreale, the grand semi-Sara-

enic cathedral on the heights behind Palermo, our author was reminded of a story the late Lord Clanwilliam used to tell about Knight of Malta, who, while sketching in the cathedral at Monreale, was locked up Spending the night alone in the church had o terrors for him. So he found his way to confessional and made himself as comfortable there as he could. At midnight, when the whole interior of the building was bathed in moonlight, the Knight saw approaching him from the west door a cowled figure in monastic robes, and assumed with satisfaction that he had been missed, and that one of the monks of the adjoining monastery was come to seek him. As he watched the figure, however, he noticed a peculiar movement; it rather floated than walked up the nave, enveloped in its sweeping draperies, and, as it passed, the stranger heard a low, musical voice like a whistling wind, which said. "Is there no good Christian who will say a mass for my poor soul?" And the figure passed on swiftly behind the altar, and did not return. As the clock struck 1 the figure again floated up the nave, and again the same low voice murmured, "Is there no good Christian will say a mass for ny poor soul?" Then the Knight of Malta came out of the confessional, and pursued the vanishing figure to a particular spot behind the altar, where it disappeared aitogether. When the clock struck 2, the figure reappeared, and, when it once more uttered the words, "Will no good Christian say a mass for my poor soul?" the priest-soldier answered, "I will; but you must serve the mass;" it is well known that there can be no mass without a server. The holy vessels were upon the altar, and the soldier-priest began the mass. Then the monk threw back he farmer, and he led her to the edge of | his cowl, and displayed a skull, but he served the mass, which the Knight of Malta courageously went through to the end, but then fell down unconscious in front of the altar. In the morning, when the monks came into the church, the stranger was found still unconscious upon the altar steps. He was taken into the convent, and, when he came to himself he told what had happened. Search was made in the archives of the monastery, but nothing was found to account for the courrence. Long afterward, however, when some the body of a monk in his robe and cowl was found walled up, evidently for some at the top of the hill and gazed over the rail- crime, near the altar, just at the spot where ings; then they went on again in front of the Knight had seen him vanish. This story her At length, beyond them, Mrs Walker | was related to Mr Hare by Susin, Lady saw her brother-in-law and his daughter Sherborne, who heard it from Lord Clan-

> he must go to Bodmin To get there it was amazement he found the boat ready for him. growds and confusion. The assizes were

In June, 1880, when dining at Lady Airlie's,

TH!

WOM

organ

wome

ton at

encou union admit

nent i

been Durin ence

const

union follow

ingme influer mit wit find the but ac will no

the na

for it the we the ba self-pi these of the Thei franch of En

given lected ies of liamen thousa

6

voice i